because we were in Denver this election.

and I was taken around and saw women

Women will always rule the world,

I sail for London on April 8, and I

When we played British Columbia I

was most anxious to know if they

there. I felt that if they did it would

open my London season on April 19 at

but never with their heads.

her English Craining.

ROSE STAHL

Back From Her Long Trip And Amused at the Styles

FINDS OLD PLACE CHANGED.

> BY ROSE STAHL. Who Returns With "The Chorus Lady."

UST back from a 15,000 mile jaunt to the Pacific Coast, and let me tell you that there's no scenery or climate anywhere in the world as beautiful and as grand as that blessed coast from Los Angeles up to British Columbia. That's the Heart Land, out there. They don't like you-they LOVE you, and when they

San Francisco has risen so beautifully out of her ashes that she makes the phoenix look like a hungry sparrow. That city is going to be the most beautiful city in the world. Soon as I save enough money I am going to retire and live in a neatly furnished tent in California.

Seeing the "Sights."

My, how New York has changed! go into tobacco-laden polling places and When I drove through the streets to- come out looking pretty sick of their day I felt like Alice in Wonderland, new job. looking at all the strange sights. And by SIGHTS I mean the women of our

When I left New York six months ago for my little dash across the confinent I left the New York women That is the theatre where Charles Hawlooking like a lot of beautiful visions trey played "Jack Straw" last summer of loveliness garbed in the Directoire style, which was very becoming to them. But as soon as I got away they conmenced to change their styles until now Fifth avenue at the promenade hour would understand Patricia's slang up ooks like a comic caraival.

A Question of Sanity.

Good night!

be a good sign that we'd be a go in London this spring, because, you must How can a sane woman wear one of know, they are very much more "Engthose peach basket hats shading a vam- lish" in British Columbia than they are pire complexion, with her body har-nessed up in a knee-length corset and So, as I always like the verdict of swathed in a gown with a rat-tail skirt the masses, on the opening night, in fastened fore and aft with 500 buttons? Vancouver, I gave my room waiter, an Englishman, a pass for two, telling him Only six months ago a lady attired to pay very special attention to the like that would have been put in a play, as I wanted to ask him about it



neatly padded cell where she would next day. That night the play went have been allowed to pick the rubber tremendously, and I was quite deoff the wall while they found out what lighted, because it was a very English nstitution she had escaped from.

It's the dressmakers' fault They prewaiter brought up my tea and toast I institution she had escaped from. scribe those awful harness corsets, asked him how he liked the play. They even told me to get them-and a "The Latest London Slang."

certain critic said I had a figure like a fountain pen. He said that the day "Oh, it was quite all right, Miss," he after I opened in 'The Chorus Lady" at said. look at myself in a glass I think of slang?" I asked.

"This Suffrageite Mess."

changes in figure and fashion that I use the latest London slang." find on my return to New York is this Of course. I didn't tell him that parlor game? Well, it isn't, and I know, Don't forget to write.

the Savoy Theatre, and every time I "But did you understand all of the

Well, no. Miss; not quite all of it. But my sister, who was with me, has just come out from London, and she ex-But what shocks me more than the plained it to me, because, she says, you

suffragette mess that some of our ladies Patricia's slang was five years old. He are getting into. I wonder if they was a good waiter. I'll know more think that voting is a nice, refined about his sister when I get to London.

Marvels About a Watch

WATCH is the smallest, most delicate machine that was ever constructed of the same number of parts. About 175 different pieces of material enter into its construction, and upward of 2,400 separate operations are comprised in its manufacture.

Some of the facts connected with its performance are simply incredible, when considered in total. A blacksmith strikes several hundred blows on his anvil in a day, and is right glad when Sunday comes around; but the roller jewel of a watch makes every day, and day after day, 432,000 impacts against the fork, or 157,680,000 blows in a year without stop or rest, or 3,152,-600,000 in the short space of twenty years, says a watchmaker in the Chicago

These figures are beyond the grasp of our feetle intellects, but the marvel does not stop here. It has been estimated that the power that moves the watch is equivalent to only four times the force used in a flea's jump; consequently it might be called a four-flea power. One horse-power would suffice to run 270,000,000 watches.

Now the balance wheel of a watch is moved by this four-flea power one and forty-three-one-hundredths inches with each vibration-3,558% miles continu-

If you would preserve the timekeeping qualities of your watch you should take it to a competent watchmaker once every eighteen months.

THE PRESIDENT'S DESK.

the thousands who sit in the President's reception-room in the White House, waiting for an audience, only knew it, they might make the time seem less monotonous by contemplating the principal article of Ethel. She writes him that she is about to In his heart Pike knew he would have time seem less monotonous by contemplating the principal article of furniture, the Executive's desk. It is handsome and massive, with a marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, son of twealth of carving, but its chief interest consists in its historic origin.

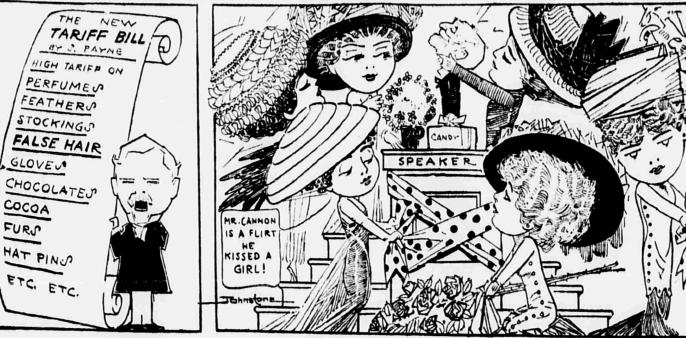
The entire seem less monotonous by contemplating the principal article of furniture, the Executive's desk. It is handsome and massive, with a marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, son of tweather the cultured accents of Lord Hawward, with the contivence of a give in if he was to make her happy, it the cultured accents of Lord Hawward, with the contivence of a give in if he was to make her happy, and afterward, with the contivence of a give in if he was to make her happy, and afterward, with the contivence of a give in its historic origin. wealth of carving, but its chief interest consists in its historic origin.

mow that Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never most and ne You all know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never You all know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never came back. His good ship Resolute drifted in the currents of the Arctic Ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters of the shores of Alaska, where some American whalers boarded her and claimed her. When she reached San Francisco the United States bought her, repaired and refitted her, manned her with an American crew, and sent her to England with international compliments. The old ship was broken up about thirty years ago, and from the soundest of her timbers a handsome desk was made, by direction of the Queen, to be presented to the then President's reception-room, and on it the part of at least eight administrations have been written.

You all know that Sir John Franklin went to discover the North Pole and never accept in the currents of the Arctic Ocean, spared from destruction in some mysterious manner, until she reached the waters. Listly, Piles goes thiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the Arctic Ocean, shiften to shift or the currents of the currents of

Will the Ladies Lobby?

By Will B. Johnstone.



The mean old thing who proposed the bill-he's a married man, too.

This is how the fair lobbyettes may be expected to work against the bill.

Love Letters of a Cynic

By Helen Rowland.

In Which She Agrees to Marry-And Take "The Dip of Death" in Life's Circus.

Tr ES-I will marry you. It seems to be "the easiest way"-and besides I intended to all along. You have "won me by siege and taken me by storm," but it's been awfully hard work making you do it. The most difficult problem

a girl has to face in these days in how to MAKE a man FORCE her to marry him. Yet every woman yearns to be taken in a rush of conquest-instead of just taken for granted or as a matter of course. She wants something to remind her of the fact that her husband proposed to her besides the ring and the certificate, which is all most women have.

And yet, when I think of how beautifully you have made love to me, it does seem almost a pity to marry a fascinating man like you, and transform him from an artistic lover into an ordinary. prosaic husband. Your life has been such a "labor of love" from early youth that I can't help pitying all the nice girls whom I am depriving of the delicious experience of being flirted with by you.

I wonder if every girl who marries a popular and attractive man realizes what a cruel thing she is doing to her sex by monopolizing him. It seems almost as wicked as cornering wheat or forming a love trust. A really ideal lover like you is so rare in these days that he ought to be divided up and passed around just as far as he will go. Considering the scarcity of husbands, it looks almost "piggish" for one woman to have a whole live man all to herself.

Do you really want me to marry you "at once?" That IS rushing into it, dear Jack-but I suppose that most people never would marry at all if they didn't grit their teeth and shut their eyes and RU8H into it. Getting married is something like walking a tight-rope or turning a handspring in the air; if you stop to consider it, you simply can't go on! It's the "Dip of Death" in Life's circus! And the only way to take it is to seat yourself in Fate's automobile and keep your eyes on the stars, while you go plunging down. You know you are going to get an awful jolt, but if you just hold on tight and don't think about it you may land safely on the sawdust in the end and go rolling along comfortably forever after-

What ARE we marrying for, Jack? Do you know! Of course not; nobody ever does until it is all over-and then nobody remem-

The Rising Generation -:-

bers. They are just fascinated by the glitter on love's gold brick and the shimmer on the honeymoon and they refuse to scrape off the gilt and see what's underneath.

But nobody can call ours a marriage of convenience, at any rate-because there isn't going to be any convenience in that little 2x4 Harlem apartment where the clothes closets are just dents in the wall and the chiffonier is fighting with the steamer trunk for breathing room, and the rugs are treading on one another's skirts and the pictures elbowing one another off the walls.

Yet just for THIS (and the privilege of paying my bills) you are giving up a comfy bachelor flat and your independence and your latch-key and your clubs, and I am giving up the family home and my own name and all my flirtations and most of my opinions. It's a pity-but then, if I didn't marry you, somebody else would-and if you didn't marry me some other man might. That's why we're marrying one another Jack; that's why EVERYBODY marriesnot in order to get a particular person, but in order to keep anybody else from getting him or her; not because they can get along better WITH somebody, but because they CAN'T get along WITHOUT him or her. It's the dog-in-the-manger spirit in us.

Ah well! This is probably the last love-letter I ever shall write you-since we are to be married. Hereafter, I suppose, my communications will read, "Do-come-home-Mother-sends-love-Harold-needs shoes-the-cook-is-sick." and yours will be confined to the simple but striking expression, "Inclosed-find-check."

Good . Sweetheart ... I hate : exchange you for a husband ... but the deal is on and the bargain struck and we'll meet at the altar and draw up the papers-and sign away our birthrights for a mess of matrimonial pottage. The scene will be set like the third get of a Clyde Fitch drama, and the orchestra will play between the acts and the bridesmaids and the best man will go through their little parts, and everybody will send us something we don't want and they'll stuff rice in our hats and throw old shoes after us and tie white ribbons on our trunks-and after all is said and done we'll just be helpmates instead of soulmates.

It is very sweet of you to offer to tell me all about yourself, dear-but don't. I don't want anything to think about when I wake up nights. I don't believe in confessions between man and wife. .. They may .: exhilarating for the moment, but they are apt to leave . you with a bad taste in the memory. If you've got a "past" keep it; and just leave your future to

Can This Be True?

The Rug Dealer Explains the Origin of the Mineeta Aura

have been the In- bug.

was a deep em- starves to death." "That, sir, is a knees again.

another rug like that."

tomer suspiciously. "No, the other end. I'd better not.

The rug dealer glanced carelessly at she was chased by a mineeta buch

"It's a genuine mineeta aura!"

wet flower pot on it." "You won't find that on one rug in a over in the corner?"

million! "I should hope not," muttered the

customer, unimpressed. "You see," explained the dealer more calmly, "the peculiar pink dye used in these rugs is derived from a vegetable that is found in only one place in all the world-Mount Tararah. This vegetable is very rare. Every year the crop is almost entirely devastated by the swarms of mineeta bugs that feed

upon it. The only thing that saves the plant at all is the hot wind that comes up from the desert at breeding time each spring, dislodges the roe, or eggs, of the mineeta bugs from their nests, and wafts them down to the foot of the mountain, where the peasants weave their rugs.

By Robert B. Whiting. | Many of these roe longe in the lug. | where most of them die. But once in a HE rug dealer was a dark, dis- great while, only in the very most extinguished looking Oriental whose pensive and luxurious rugs, the warmth manner implied that he might is sufficient to hatch out a mineeta

aulian of Zulu !! "The first thing the young mineets he hadn't pre- notices, of course, is the vegetable dye ferred the rug in the rug, and he starts right in to

"There!" he ex- "But living on such a steep mountain claimed trium- side for so many generations has made phantly, as he their left legs very much longer than spread out a thick, their right legs, so that when one finds fuzzy one, the himself on a level rug he can only walk predominating around in a fixed circle. When he has olor of which eaten all the dyc out of a circle he

barrassment pink. The dealer got down on his hands and

genuine imperial "Yes, that's a mineeta aura, all right. Tararah. Just feel it. You'd have to That rug is worth a very small fortune travel a long way before you'd find I would not part with it for-ah, but I said you could have it for thirty-two "Then I won't go," murmured the dollars, didn't I? Well, I never go back on my word. Take it. It is yours-a

ng the tag-"twenty-three dollars. The The customer regarded the faded circle wistfully.

"What's that circular spot there "I wish I could," he said with a trace where it's faded?" demanded the cus- of sadness in his voice, "but I'm afreid

"Once when my wife was a little girl the faded circle. Then, with a sudden Around, around, around-there's po tell-Young-Turk movement, he dropped to ing what might have happened it she his hands and knees, and peered at it hadn't had presence of mind enough suddenly to feel the awful thing and "Heavens?" he exclaimed feverishly, stamp on it with her foot. Ever since then anything that in any way reminds It looks as if somebody had set a her of mineeta bugs makes her dizzy. How much is that Pennsylvania Persian

A Chafing Dish Recipe.

OMATO RABBIT.-Take some slices of whole-wheat bread, cut rather thick and with crust removed, and cut into sandwich shape. Drain part of a can of tomatoes; spread one slice of bread with either the thick pulp or a slice, and sprinkle with salt, paprika, dry mustard, and a little Worcestershire sauce; last, cover thickly with grated cheese; put on the second slice of the bread and press together firmly; saute in butter as before, till the bread is broken on both sides and the cheese melted .- Harper's Bazar.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

HE apron that is simple and protective is the one that fills the important practical need. This one is full enough to be utilized in place of the frock, as well as fabrics is dnished only ginghams, chambrays something a little more dainty is wanted, white lawn or cross-barred dimity could be util-

tzed. The quantity of materlal required for the medium size (10 years) Is 51-8 yards 24, 41-2 yar 13 27, or 23-4 yards

Pattern No. 6283 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.



Obtain These Patterns.

BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, or send by mail to No. 132 West Twenty-seventh street. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT-Write your address plainly and always

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION

specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a

Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

here, I'll disown you and cut you off without a penny. See!

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. She had given her promise and she did lawyer, is guardian of two rich orphans, should make her revoke it. That promin Europe. Pike has always dumbly loved been spoken before a clergyman.

CHAPTER XV. Blackmail.

Papa, mamma says that if you're too lazy to do anything else, will you please sit

near the clothes closet and blow the smoke in, so as to kill the moths!"

and H. Leon Wilson. Pike was still standing with the letter in his hand, looking after Copyright, 1900, by American Press Ass'n.) ization of what her words meant to him, Daniel Pike, a shrewd Kokomo (Indiana) not means that anything in the world

to black- | ably offended the girl, and she would | gument the Earl had to offer, and men-pleasant." hate him all her life for it, he feared, tally steeled himself against it. As he Pike ruminated and folded his letter, you not agree then to a reasonable rehad been unfortunate; his continuance glare of the Earl.

see here, klil.

eon that he knew had existed, had Daniel quietly failed him miserably. way from home. He sighed and turned least unaffected by it.

His entrance into her new phase of life looked up he encountered the steady in it was little else than an insuit, ac- "My dear Pike," began the latter cording to her way of thinking. And "There is a certain question"—

Jim Cooley, whom he had trusted to "I said I would not discuss that with

ever catches you cayin' line has hig boody,

By J. K. Bryans

The lawyer felt that he was a long the other, heedless of the warning, or at

are you?" Hawcastle glared at him, light and pointed dramatically to the trust himself to meet those of the

In return he heard Hawcastle reply: alty for it. For the person whose kind rapid tattoo, followed his singer. The the Americans is two years in prison, and Italian pris- "Imagine, for instance, that the shad- he inquired whimsically.

"Being in jail ain't much like an Elks' quest?"

carnival," he observed. "Even a citizen of your admirable saw in some manner that that swaying country could not escape if his com- window curtain which had caught his plicity were proved-if he were caught eye an hour ago held a distinct

find the flaw in the Hawcastle escutch- you. I meant what I said," observed in the act. I will be plain with you." menace. It seemed too bad that this These last words had an ominous should be the end of it all; all the de-"This is ther question," went on note. "Let us imagine that a badly fenses he had raised for the girl of his

wanted man appeared upon the pergola dead friend should be swept away in here and made an appeal to one of your an instant by a bit of folly. Ethel and Horace Simpson, who are living ise was sacred to her, just as if it had to where the sun was sinking in a haze "Late this afternoon I developed a countrymen, who-for the purposes of "What would be the nature of that of red across the bay. Then he heard great anxiety concerning the penalty argument-is at work upon this car. request?" he asked. the voice of Horace, and chiming with prescribed by Italian law for those for- Say that the too amiable American con-

window. Pike, now thoroughly inter- nobleman,

and shelters the criminal, say in a room would the consequence be?" Pike went "If the request were refused, what her and refuse to sanction the marriage mobile and leaned against it. As he "So you're all worked up about that, He looked about in the growing twi- on with lowered eyes, for he would not

Daniel swallowed painfully, for he

"So deeply that I ascertained the pen- ested, and with his pulse beating a "Two years at least in prison for "Looks bad for-that American, eh!